

The MeijiEra Full Monty!

by genkisakka

Category: Rurouni Kenshin

Genre: Humor

Language: English

Status: Completed

Published: 2000-04-30 08:00:00

Updated: 2001-02-08 08:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 15:48:17

Rating: T

Chapters: 2

Words: 7,910

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Sanosuke comes up with a unique way for the unemployed RuroKen boys to earn some cash...

1. The Meiji-Era Full Monty!

****Rurouni Kenshin Presents: The Meiji-Era Full Monty! -- Part 1****

A special "arigatou" to my editor and co-conspirator MadamHydra, who is a formidable fanfiction-writer in her own right and who let me borrow her creations, the Nightwitches, for this insane fic. What? You haven't read "That Which Lingers" yet? Then get thee to </madamhydra/TWL.html> pronto! You won't regret it, I promise you...
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****SPOILER WARNING!**** Yes, even this silly-fic has spoilers... they're relatively mild Revenge Arc spoilers, but I thought I'd post the warning just in case. So, if you have no idea who Enishi and Tomoe are, or what the heck Jinchuu means... read at your own risk!

Disclaimer: I don't own Rurouni Kenshin. I don't own "The Full Monty." I'm not making any money off of this... who'd buy this silliness anyway? :P

Scene: the Kamiya Doujou. Kenshin is doing laundry and doing his best to ignore a very animated Sanosuke.

Sanosuke: Whaddya say, Kenshin?

Kenshin: No, Sano.

Sanosuke: C'mon! It'll be fun...

Kenshin: No way.

Sanosuke: Aw, c'mon, Kenshin! If you don't do this, we're

screwed.

Kenshin: Absolutely not.

Sanosuke: You're the only holdout, you know... all the other guys are ready to do it.

Kenshin stops mid-wring and stares at Sanosuke.

Kenshin: You're kidding, right?

Sanosuke: Do I look like I'm kidding? Saitou's got the uniforms...

Kenshin drops the gi he was washing back into the tub.

Kenshin: Oro?! S- S- Saitou's involved in this? But how... why...

Sanosuke shrugs.

Sanosuke: I never would've asked him, you know... but he showed up yesterday with a pile of policemen's clothes and a scary look on his face. Says he has no choice but to join us...

Kenshin is speechless.

Sanosuke: And Soujirou's been teaching us some moves...

Kenshin: Seta Soujirou?! Where in kami-sama's name did you find him?

Sanosuke: He showed up a few days ago... says he's been bored and needs some money, so he's in. And then there's your master... he just popped in this morning...

Kenshin (_sputters_): Shishou's doing this, too? I can't believe it!

Sanosuke (_grins_): Yeah, the great Hiko Seijuurou... he'll really draw a crowd. Says he's only in it for the free sake, but I think he's showing off, as usual...

Kenshin (_slightly miffed_): Well, if you have shishou, what do you need me for?

Sanosuke claps Kenshin on the shoulder.

Sanosuke: Na, Kenshin, we all know who the real chick-magnet in this series is. You have to be there...

Kenshin shrugs Sanosuke's hand off.

Kenshin: I said no.

Sanosuke: Kenshin! You have to do it! You're the star! Everyone's expecting you! holding out a flyer See?

Kenshin takes the flyer and skims it -- then face-faults into the washtub.

Kenshin: Orororooooo!

Close-up of flyer floating to the surface of the tub -- "Rurouni Kenshin Presents -- The Meiji-Era Full Monty! Come see your favorite former-assassin-turned-rurouni and friends bare all and strut their stuff for Ladies Night at the Akabeko. Admission 10 yen. Includes free sake. See you there!"

_Kenshin pulls himself out of the washtub, his eyes narrowed and tinged with amber. _

Sanosuke: Maa, maa... calm down, Kenshin! Think about the bottom line here...

Kenshin fingers his sword-hilt. Sanosuke sweatdrops.

Sanosuke: Uhh... bad choice of words!

Sanosuke takes off across the yard, the Hitokiri Battousai close at his heels.

...

Some time later, at the Akabeko...

Tae (_smiling brightly_): Oh, Sanosuke! I see you've brought your star performer with you...

_Kenshin sweatdrops.
>

Kenshin: Eeto... Tae-dono... I haven't agreed to do any--

Sanosuke slaps Kenshin on the back, nearly knocking him over.

Sanosuke: Yeah! We're nearly ready for tomorrow night... just need to put a little more practice in...

Tae: Oh, good! I'm looking forward to it! We'll do a lot more business than usual, I'm sure...

Sanosuke: That's the idea... we all need the extra cash, ne, Kenshin?

_Kenshin backs slowly toward the door.
>

Kenshin: Ah, Sano, I just remembered... Kaoru-dono needs some rice and misooo..oro!

Sanosuke grabs Kenshin in a headlock and drags him to the back of the restaurant.

...

_Scene: an empty banquet room at the Akabeko. Sanosuke, wearing a police uniform with the jacket unbuttoned and no shirt, ticks off items on a list he's holding. Soujirou is demonstrating some steps

while Saitou, Chou and Hiko watch with varying degrees of distaste on their faces._

Hiko: Look here, boy... I didn't agree to prance around like some geisha.

Chou: Me, neither. Not my style.

_Soujirou smiles and rubs the back of his head.
>

Soujirou: But Sagara-san says we need to dance... it's all part of the show. Ne, Saitou-san?

Saitou is chain-smoking. He looks extremely annoyed, mortified... and resigned.

Saitou (_between drags_): It's true. We dance while removing our clothes. It's what's known as a striptease.

_Sanosuke tucks a pencil behind his ear.
>

Sanosuke: And it ends with all of us totally in the buff onstage... those gaijin from England call it a "full monty."

Saitou nearly bites his cigarette in half. Chou face-faults.

Chou: Man, you gotta be kidding me. Saitou Hajime's gonna dance? Then strip? Naked? Onstage?_ He grins. _This I gotta see! I'm in, Soujirou...

_Saitou lights another cigarette.
>

Saitou: Ahou ga.

_Hiko addresses Sanosuke.
>

Hiko: And you say my baka deshi's the featured attraction in this little production?

Sanosuke: Yup. He'll be out here in a minute.

_Hiko gives his patented "how I love to see my idiot pupil suffer" grin.
>

Hiko: I'll be happy to join you, then. _His grin morphs into his patented "genius" smile._ But I won't be responsible if I end up stealing the show.

Sanosuke: Hey, the more of us there are, the better. Speaking of which... Oi, you guys! We ain't got all day!

In saunters Kamatari, in a tight-fitting police uniform, dragging a struggling Kenshin behind him.

Kamatari: Konnichi wa, minna! Let's get this show on the road! Check

out our stylin' star!

Kamatari releases a flustered Kenshin, who's wearing a police uniform that's a size too large with his hair tucked up inside a uniform cap.

Kenshin: Sano... really... Kaoru-dono will kill us both if we go through with this!

Sanosuke: Yeah, yeah, what else is new?_ He walks around Kenshin, assessing. _Hmm... we'll need to roll those pants up. Ah, hell, like it matters... he'll be taking them off anyway.

_Soujirou joins Sanosuke in his circuit.
>

Soujirou: So... he takes the cap off and his hair comes down. Nice touch, Kamatari-san!

Kamatari pinches Kenshin's cheek, ignoring Kenshin's squawk of protest.

Kamatari: Isn't he just the cutest thing?_ He releases Kenshin and claps his hands. _Now, let's see what ya got, boys... line up and let's take it all off!

Chou: Wait a minute! I'm not doing some striptease with him around!

_Kamatari cocks his hip and flashes a feline smile.

>

Kamatari: What's the matter, Chou-kun? Afraid you won't measure up to me?

Chou (_snarls_): You bastard! I'll show you who measures up... Where the hell's my sword?

_Soujirou separates the two, smiling all the while.

>

Soujirou: Maa, maa... calm down! We agreed... no swords on stage, remember?

Sanosuke (_winks_): Yeah, the ladies aren't coming to look at those swords. _He rustles some papers._ Now, we're still waiting for Aoshi...

_Everyone except Sanosuke, Saitou and Hiko face-faults. Saitou calmly blows a smoke ring, and Hiko raises one eyebrow.
>

Everyone else: Sh- Shinomori Aoshi?!

Kenshin: No way! You got Aoshi to agree to this?

Sanosuke: Not me.

_Sanosuke points at Saitou, who blows another smoke ring before responding.

>

Saitou: I didn't do anything. Shinomori asked me if he could participate.

_Just then, Aoshi walks in, wearing a well-fitting police uniform and no particular expression on his face. Kamatari swoons and whistles sharply.

>

Kamatari: My, my Aoshi-sama! Is it me, or did it just get hot in here?

Aoshi sweatdrops.

Sanosuke: Good, you're just in time. _He hops onstage._ All right, men! We've got 24 hours to get this down. Kenshin's in front... we all line up behind him... tallest in the middle, shortest at the ends.

The men all follow his instructions. Sanosuke frowns as he counts them up.

Sanosuke: Crap. We're lopsided... three on one side, four on the other. Too bad we don't have one more guy --

A familiar voice interrupts.

Voice: May I join you?

_There is another mass face-fault as Yukishiro Enishi enters the room wearing a police uniform, his earring and sunglasses. Kenshin narrows his eyes and absently reaches for his nonexistent sword.

>

Kenshin: Enishi. Are you here to complete your Jinchuu?

_Enishi shrugs.

>

Enishi: To hell with Jinchuu... I need some cash. Residuals from those OVAs only go so far. Am I in?

Kamatari: Hmm... he's pretty cute, from what I can tell. _He walks up to Enishi and snatches away his glasses._ Mmm, now that's more like it! _He turns and smiles at the men onstage._ What do you think, guys?

Sanosuke addresses Kenshin in a low voice.

Sanosuke: Hey, Kenshin, do you mind? I know he tried to kill you and Jou-chan and all... but he would balance out the other side.

_Kenshin throws up his hands.

>

Kenshin: What's the difference? Nearly everybody up here has tried to kill me at some point or another... including you.

Sanosuke (_sheepishly_): Guess you have a point there. _He addresses Enishi._ All right, psycho-boy... come on up. You can stand next to Chou.

...

Later... it's well past dinner-time and the men are squabbling.

Sanosuke: Wait, wait, cut! Dammit, Soujirou, you're messing up the count again! You gotta slow down!

_Soujirou gives a little embarrassed laugh with his hand behind his head.

>

Soujirou: Sorry about that, minna-san.

Sanosuke (_grumbles_): Damned god-speed... and Kenshin, you're almost as bad! The rest of us can't keep up with you two.

Hiko (_loftily_): Speak for yourself, rooster-boy. Who you think taught the little moron how to move that fast?

_Sanosuke and Kenshin exchange eyerolls.

>

Sanosuke: The point is, we've got to try to work together here. Otherwise we'll end up stepping all over each other. Aoshi and Kamatari have been keeping time pretty well... we should try to match their pace.

Kamatari (_winks_): Hear that, Aoshi-sama? We make a pretty good team, ne?

_Aoshi stares expressionlessly at Kamatari for a moment, then turns his attention back to Sanosuke.

>

Sanosuke: You know, this would be a lot easier if we had the music. Oi, Saitou... weren't you supposed to take care of that?

Saitou: Ahou. It's done. The musicians should be hear any minute.

Sanosuke: All right, then. While we're waiting, we may as well run through it again. Remember, Soujirou, Kenshin... slow down. And Kenshin, you need to loosen up... relax. You know... act sexy.

Sanosuke ponders for a moment, then brightens.

Sanosuke: I know! Pretend you're dancing with Jou-chan --

Kenshin (_blushing_): Sano...

Sanosuke: Heh heh. Yeah, right... probably not a good idea. That'll

get you a little too motivated...

Kenshin (_beet-red_): SANO!

Everyone laughs at Kenshin, except Soujirou, who keeps smiling in that clueless, endearing way of his; Aoshi, who remains void of expression; and Saitou, who scowls as he drops his cigarette stub and steps on it.

Saitou: If you idiots are finished mocking the Battousai... shall we continue?

Sanosuke: Sure, sure... okay, line up, you guys! And one, and two, and three...

The men start their routine facing front. They do a few steps, then turn to the side... do a few steps while unbuttoning the top few buttons of their jackets... then look over one shoulder at the "audience," sliding their jackets down so they each bare the shoulder facing the audience... do a side-step shimmy, rolling the shoulder that's been uncovered... then another few steps while pushing the jacket back up their shoulders and unbuttoning the rest of it... while the other men turn their backs to the audience, Kenshin takes off his cap, sending his loose hair spilling down his shoulders... tossing his head and throwing the cap aside, he turns away from the audience and stands, like the others, with his feet spread apart. They all look to the left, sliding their jackets off their left shoulders... then to the right, sliding the jacket off that shoulder... they flex their shoulder and upper back muscles, doing some footwork and hip/butt-shaking... then slide the jackets off and toss them offstage.

A chorus of wolf-whistles and catcalls breaks the silence. The routine comes to a screeching halt, with the men crashing into each other and Kenshin "oro-ing" as he falls off the stage.

Voice: Now, now, ladies... that's enough. Stop ogling those poor boys and set up your instruments, please.

The men stare at the speaker... who is none other than...

Saitou: Ah, Tokio. I see you found us some musicians.

Saitou jumps offstage and pauses to regard the six young women, who are studying the bare-chested men onstage with undisguised interest. A look of profound irritation crosses his face.

Saitou (_whispers_): Tokio, couldn't you find someone besides your cursed Takagi relatives to do this?

_Tokio smiles serenely at her husband.
>

Tokio: I'm sorry, Hajime... but they insisted. Besides, you didn't give me much notice... and they're all coming tomorrow night, anyway.

Saitou: Hmph. So now I get to make a complete fool of myself in front of your entire family, as well as all the women in Tokyo. _He shakes his head._ The things I do for you...

Tokio: Don't worry, Hajime... I've given very specific instructions to my relatives. _Her eyes glint wickedly._ They're to leave you alone... the others are all fair game.

_Saitou pauses, then matches his wife's evil grin.
>

Saitou: Perhaps this will be enjoyable after all...

_Tokio turns and waves at Saitou.
>

Tokio: Don't let me keep you from your rehearsal, dear. _She looks over her shoulder and raises one eyebrow suggestively_. You know how much I like watching you... take it off.

Saitou turns back toward the stage, a faint blush on his cheeks.

...

Scene: the big night! Backstage, the men are restless.

Kamatari: Oi, Hiko! Stop hogging the mirror!

_Hiko checks his perfectly white, straight teeth for the thousandth time.
>

Hiko: Feh. Make me, girly-man.

_Kamatari flutters his eyelashes at Hiko.
>

Kamatari: Hey, we can't all be tall, strong hunks like you. C'mon, shove over and let a man primp, will ya?

_Chou peeks out at the audience.
>

Chou: Damn! Look at all those babes... all here to see us. _He rubs his hands together with a chuckle._ I'm bound to score tonight!

Sanosuke: Calm down, broom-head... we gotta finish the show first. Ten minutes, men! Oi, Soujirou, have you seen Kenshin?

_Soujirou smiles sheepishly and rubs the back of his neck.

>

Soujirou: Ara... I was just coming to tell you... we might have a problem.

Sanosuke grabs Soujirou by the shoulders.

Sanosuke: Soujirou... there can be no problems ten minutes before showtime. Where is he?

Soujirou: Back there. _He smiles brightly._ We can go on without him, ne, Sagara-san?

Sanosuke: Goddammit...

He mutters several more curses as he ducks behind another curtain. Kenshin is sitting hunched over in a corner, hair down, his arms wrapped around his knees, shaking his head emphatically as Aoshi and Saitou try to reason with him.

Kenshin: You don't understand... I can't go through with this! Not now...

Saitou: Battousai. You've faced death and worse... and you're telling me you can't face this?

Aoshi: Saitou's right. You're the one known as the strongest... you have to go out there and prove it.

Sanosuke throws his arm over Kenshin's shoulders.

Sanosuke: Na, Kenshin... a little stage-fright is perfectly normal. You'll get over it. C'mon, let's get your hair fixed... it's almost time to go on.

Kenshin: I am not going out there, Sano.

_Sanosuke pulls Kenshin up by the front of his jacket and shakes him.

>

Sanosuke: Dammit, Kenshin, you have to! That mob'll get ugly if you don't! And Shishio's got nothing on a pack of angry fangirls... especially after a few cups of sake.

Kenshin: I can't, Sano! K- K- K-

Sanosuke: Spit it out, Kenshin!

_Saitou rolls his eyes and waves his cigarette toward the curtain.

>

Saitou: What the Battousai is trying to say is... Kamiya Kaoru's in the audience. Front and center. With all her little friends.

Aoshi: Excuse me. Did you say... all her friends?

_Saitou smirks and takes another drag as Aoshi pales and tugs on his collar. Sanosuke releases Kenshin and smooths the wrinkles out of his jacket.

>

Sanosuke: Is that all this is about? Of course Jou-chan's here! She's probably loaded already, too... lightweight that she is.

Kenshin: Well, then you understand why I can't... you know... with her there.

_Sanosuke stares at Kenshin with a mix of astonishment and affronted

macho pride.
>

Sanosuke: You mean to tell me you're afraid to strip in front of her? Shit, Kenshin, I think you've been doing too much laundry. Are you a man or what?

Kenshin (_indignant_): Of course I'm a man! But... but...

Sanosuke: No buts! You and Jou-chan have been tiptoeing around this man/woman thing for too long. This is the perfect night for you to change all that. Get out there and show her exactly what kind of man you are, Kenshin! You'll have her falling at your feet before the night is through, I promise you.

Kenshin (_blushing_): This wasn't exactly the kind of courtship I had in mind, Sano.

Sanosuke: Kenshin, at the rate your courtship is progressing, Yahiko'll be married before you two! Something drastic is just what you need to speed things up... trust Sanosuke the Love-Sensei on this one, okay?

_Kenshin sweatdrops. Saitou snorts and refrains from commenting.
Aoshi stands and regards Kenshin calmly.
>

Aoshi: It's nearly time. Are you ready, Battousai?

Kenshin (_voice shaking_): I think so. Where's my cap?

Sanosuke: That's it! Gambare, Kenshin!

_Kamatari grabs Kenshin's hand and drags him over to the mirror.

>

Kamatari: Don't worry, Ken-chan! I'll get you fixed up in no time.

Soujirou: Five minutes, minna-san!

Sanosuke: Where the hell is our announcer? Katsu! Get over here, baka-yarou!

_Katsu shoves the curtain aside and glowers at Sanosuke.

>

Katsu: Oi, baka-yarou. I'm right here... no need to shout. I'm ready when you guys are.

Soujirou: Three minutes!

...

_Meanwhile, the audience is getting very restless. At a table in the front row...
>

Misao (_slurring_): Oi! What are you guys waiting for? _She bangs the table with the empty sake jug._ C'mon, c'mon... we wanna see you get naked!

Kaoru (_blushing_): Misao-chan! That's not why we're here!

_Misao rolls her eyes at Kaoru.
>

Misao: Yeah, right. _She lowers her voice suggestively_. Tell me you're not dying to see Himura take off his clothes. Slowly. Right in front of you.

Kaoru (_beet-red_): Misao-chan! I'm here to protect Kenshin from these... hussies... who would actually pay money to see men strip. It's degrading, I tell you!

Megumi (_dryly_): Not to mention improper. _She flashes her foxy grin._ I can hardly wait!

Misao: Ne, Kaoru-san... if you're not here to see Himura strip, then what're you gonna do when he starts? Close your eyes?

Kaoru (_flustered_): Y- yes, of course! I would never... watch Kenshin...

_Megumi's eyes glint with mischief as Kaoru stammers to a halt.

>

Megumi: Such a pity. You'll miss a great show. Me, I intend to watch every minute of Ken-san's performance. Ohohohoho!

Kaoru (_growls_): Megumi-san! You both have to shut your eyes, too! It's only fair!

_Misao folds her arms and shakes her head vigorously.
>

Misao: Nope, no way, no how! I'm not missing this for anything! _She yells at the curtain._ Aoshi-samaaaaaaa! I'm waaaaaaiting!

Megumi (_grimaces_): Good grief, she's a loud drunk. Kaoru-san, you've barely touched your sake. You should at least finish your cup.

_Kaoru folds her hands primly on the table-top.
>

Kaoru: No, thank you. I want to keep my head clear tonight.

Megumi: How boring. No drinking, no watching the men. _She cocks an eyebrow at Kaoru._ Maybe you should just go home to bed, little girl.

Kaoru (_scowls_): What's that supposed to mean?

Megumi: Well, it's obvious you're too immature to appreciate this sort of... adult... entertainment. Ken-san obviously approves, otherwise he wouldn't be taking part in it. _She grins._ And if

Ken-san approves... I certainly do. _She pulls out a yen note._ So I'll be the one to cheer him on instead.

Misao: Oh, I forgot about that! _She rummages around inside her sash and comes up with a wrinkled yen note._ Teehee! For my beloved Aoshi-sama! Of course, he'll have to get close enough to get it from me.

_Misao swoons as Kaoru eyes the money nervously.
>

Kaoru: What exactly are those for?

Megumi: Tipping the dancers. Tradition demands the women in the audience place money in their favorite dancer's fundoshi. _She flashes Kaoru a challenging smile. _Guess who gets my tip?

Kaoru (_hopefully_): Ano... Sanosuke?

Megumi: Heh. Don't you wish!

Kaoru (_roars_): ME-GU-MI-SAN!

Kaoru and Megumi stare daggers at each other while Misao sweatdrops.

Misao: Wait, wait... I have a suggestion! _She pushes the now-refilled sake jug toward them._ A challenge... for the right to tip Himura. First one to pass out loses.

Kaoru: Okay, I'm in. What about you, Fox Lady?

_Megumi tosses her hair.
>

Megumi: I'm game. Should be an easy win for me.

Kaoru (_snarls_): Don't count me out so easily!

_Kaoru grabs her nearly full cup and swigs it down. While she is occupied, Megumi whispers to Misao.
>

Megumi: Way to go... that should loosen her up. If she doesn't fall over first.

Misao (_whispers_): Told ya you could count on me! Now, pretend you had too much...

Megumi (_whispers_): No... it's too soon. She'll get suspicious. _She addresses Kaoru in a normal voice._ My turn, tanuki girl!

_Megumi pours another cup and drains it. Meanwhile, a few tables away...
>

Tokio: My goodness! _She fans herself slowly._ This is quite a turnout. I hope it doesn't scare off our performers.

Asuko (_snickers_): Feh. You're just hoping that cantankerous husband

of yours doesn't skip out at the last minute. It'd be just like him to say to hell with all this silliness.

Tokio: I'm afraid that won't happen. Once Hajime gives me his word, he never breaks it.

Asuko: Hmph. We'll see. _The old woman's eyes brighten._ As for me, I'm looking forward to seeing my boy Seijuurou. He always was a handsome devil.

Risako (_dryly_): And an exhibitionist at heart. I'm surprised his ego leaves room for anyone else up there.

Tokio: Now, Risako...

Maki (_chuckles_): You have to admit it's true, sister. _She addresses Risako._ And you have to admit Seijuurou has reason to be confident.

Risako (_scowls_): I admit nothing of the kind. Still, I suppose this little farce will be amusing, if nothing else.

Maki: Oh, I expect to be thoroughly entertained. _She smiles wickedly._ I'm very much looking forward to seeing the star of the show. He's grown up well, don't you think, Risako?

_Risako stares stonily at Maki. Tokio uses her fan to hide her smile.

>

Tokio: Maki, dear... don't tease your niece.

Yuka (_giggling_): My, this is such fun! The sight of all the youngsters enjoying themselves like this makes me feel young again.

_Asuko raises an eyebrow at Yuka.

>

Asuko: Let me guess. Young enough to tuck some yen-notes in the fundoshi of that strapping young okashira you're so fond of?

Yuka merely giggles.

Risako: I still can't believe you got Shinomori Aoshi to agree to this. He's the last person I'd expect to participate in this kind of escapade.

Yuka (_slyly_): Let's just say Shinomori-san owes me a favor.

Asuko: Heh. I'd think you could come up with a better method of repayment than this silliness, Yuka.

_Yuka laughs in protest.

>

Yuka: Oh, Asuko, you're too much!

_The lanterns suddenly dim, eliciting a roar of approval from the female audience. Katsu stalks out onto the stage, staring unsmilingly

at the raucous crowd, who immediately start shrieking and chanting, "Take it off! Take it off!" Katsu ignores them and clears his throat, reading off a piece of paper in his hand._

Katsu: And now... for your viewing pleasure... Himura Kenshin and friends perform "The Meiji-Era Full Monty!"

_He dashes offstage as the audience goes wild, showering the stage with yen-notes. As the music starts, the performers take the stage, driving the audience to a new level of frenzy. Kenshin takes his place center-stage... and pales as he sees Kaoru sitting at the table right in front of him. He gives her a tremulous smile.

>

Kenshin: Eeto... k- konbanwa, Kaoru-dono.

_Kaoru positively beams at Kenshin.

>

Kaoru (_slurs_): Keeeeenshiiiiin! _She waves a yen-note at him._ I'm ready when you are! Dance for me, baby!

Kenshin (_blinks_): Oro...?

Sanosuke: Hah, Kenshin! Didn't I tell you? She wants you, man! Don't lose confidence now!

Kenshin (_gulps_): Right. _He nods to the musicians._ Let's do it.

-- Go to Part 2! --

2. The Meiji-Era Full Monty!

RK Fanfic: The Meiji-Era Full Monty! -- Part 2

****Rurouni Kenshin Presents: The Meiji-Era Full Monty! -- Part 2****

A special "arigatou" to my editor and co-conspirator MadamHydra, who is a formidable fanfic-writer in her own right and who let me borrow her creations, the Nightwitches, for this insane fic. What? You haven't read "That Which Lingers" yet? Then get thee to <http://www.geocities.com/~madamhydra/TWL.html> pronto! You won't regret it, I promise you... ^~

****SPOILER WARNING!**** Yes, even this silly-fic has spoilers... they're relatively mild Revenge Arc spoilers, but I thought I'd post the warning just in case. So, if you have no idea who Enishi and Tomoe are, or what the heck Jinchuu means... read at your own risk!

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Disclaimer: I don't own Rurouni Kenshin. I don't own "The Full Monty." I'm not making any money off of this... who'd buy this silliness anyway? :P

Kenshin: [nods to the musicians] Let's do it.

[Grinning, the young women began playing something appropriately

bawdy, and the men begin their dance. As they begin unbuttoning their jackets, the women in the audience loudly cheer them on.]

Fangirl #1: [whistling sharply] Go, Aoshi! Work it, okashira!

Fangirl #2: [waving a handful of cash] Soujirou! How about a lap dance?

Large group of fangirls toward the back: [clapping and chanting in time to the music] Ken~shin! Ken~shin! Ken~shin!

Enishi: [sweatdrop] And people say *I'm* scary...

Chou: [double-sweatdrop] No kidding...

Kamatari: [cheerfully as they continue the dance] Ah, don't let them rattle ya, guys... remember, we want them to enjoy the show. The more they like it, the more yen we make, ne? [puts a little extra shake in his step, much to the delight of the audience]

Group next to the stage: Wai! Shake it, Kama-chan!

[Kamatari winks and grins at the women, who shriek and clap wildly.]

Chou: [growls] Dammit... where does he get off flirting like that? He doesn't even *like* girls!

[The men finish unbuttoning their jackets and face away from the audience. Kenshin takes his cap off, his loose hair tumbling down his shoulders. Some of the audience-members faint, overcome by the sight. The rest cheer raucously, pounding on tables and stamping their feet.]

Misao: [clapping wildly] Nice move, Himura!

[Kaoru lets forth a long wolf-howl.]

Megumi: [sweatdrop] I definitely should've let her win after the first cup.

Kenshin: [tossing his hair away from his face and dancing gracefully toward the edge of the stage] Kaoru-dono?

Kaoru: [eyeing his partially bared chest] Hm?

Kenshin: [hands her his cap] Hold this for me, onegai?

[Winking at her, he turns away. Starry-eyed, Kaoru clutches the cap to her chest.]

Misao: [pounding the table delightfully] Ooh... smooth, smooth Himura!

[The men toss their jackets to the side of the stage, and the bouncers hold back the throng of women who try to dive after the garments.]

Maki: [thoughtfully] Quite an assortment of scars on that

bunch.

Tokio: Well, considering their histories, is it any wonder?

Asuko: Hah! I like a man with a few scars. Gives him character.

Maki: [smiling slightly] Then you must think a great deal of Himura-san. [concerned expression] He's so thin, though! Doesn't that girl he lives with ever feed him?

Tokio: [coughs delicately] Well... she's quite hopeless in the kitchen, really...

Asuko: [wicked smile] My, my, Tokio... your wolf acquits himself quite well up there with all those youngsters. I've never been so happy to lose a bet with you. [yelling suddenly in her gravelly voice] Yeah! Take it off, Hajime!

[Saitou glares in their direction. Tokio shrugs and smiles apologetically at him.]

Tokio: [sighs] Those texts better be everything you say they are, Asuko...

[Back onstage, the men are performing some more fancy footwork while flexing their arm and chest muscles. More audience-members pass out, and the crowd roars louder.]

Sanosuke: [grinning] Look at 'em... we're driving 'em wild!

Hiko: [flashes genius smile] I never doubted I would.

Saitou: [scowls] Ahou ga. If you only knew *how* wild some of these women are...

Sanosuke: [perks up] Really? Which ones?

Saitou: [considers for a moment, then shakes his head] Forget it, chicken-head... they'd eat you alive...

Soujiro: [interrupts with a smile] Sagara-san, are we ready for the next act?

Sanosuke: Uh... oh, right. Let's go, men! One... two... three...

[The men rip away their specially designed, easily removable police-uniform pants and toss them aside with a flourish... leaving them wearing only their fundoshi. Nearly every woman in the audience surges toward the stage, waving yen-notes and screaming.]

Misao: [squashed against the stage] Gaah! Kaoru-san, help!

[The bouncers arrive, pushing the women back. Several of the men exchange grins... even Saitou smirks a little... Aoshi remains unmoved, of course. Kenshin has eyes only for Kaoru, who is dragging Misao up onto their table. They both start dancing in time with the men, wobbling slightly. Megumi stays seated, her head in her hands.]

Kenshin: [dancing toward the edge of the stage] Kaoru-dono... be careful! You'll hurt yourself!

Kaoru: [blowing him kisses] Stop worrying about me and dance, you sexy rurouni, you!

Misao: [laughing] Look, he's blushing, Kaoru-san! [yells] C'mon, Himura... shake it!

Megumi: [head still in hands] I do **not** know these two...

Sanosuke: Get back here, Kenshin! Okay, you guys... it's nearly solo-dance time. Kamatari's first... eh... Kamatari?

[The men look around as they continue dancing... but Kamatari has vanished from the stage.]

Sanosuke: [shaking his head] Che... must've chickened out. Ah, well... Soujirou, why don't you start, then?

Soujirou: [cheerfully] Hai!

[The bouncers do their best to contain the audience as Soujirou makes his way down to the front of the stage, doing a very sexy bump-and-grind. As he works his way down the line, however, things get quickly out of control.]

Fangirl #3: Sou-chan! Kawaii!

Fangirl #2: Get away from him, wench! He's mine!

Fangirl #3: Says you!

[The two begin pulling each other's hair and clawing each other's eyes out.]

Soujirou: [smiling and waving his hands] Ano... please don't fight, ladies...

[Two bouncers cart the feuding fangirls off... and a pack of drooling Soujirou fans quickly take advantage of the security lapse. They start climbing onto the stage, waving yen-notes... and a few are waving discarded articles of clothing as well.]

Fangirl-mob: Soujiiiiiiirou! Dance for us, onegaiiiii?

Soujirou: [sweatdrop] Uh, oh...

[Suddenly, the mob is pushed offstage by a half-dozen lovely, well-dressed young women with light-brown eyes. They smile wickedly, their eyes gleaming ferally.]

Nightwitch #1: Seta Soujirou...

Nightwitch #2: Known as the Tenken...

Nightwitch #3: Possessor of god-speed...

Nightwitch #4: We'd be much obliged...

Nightwitch #5: If you would favor us...

Nightwitch #6: With a night of your company...

Nightwitches: [together in seductive voices] You won't regret it... we promise you...

Soujirou: [panicking] Eeto... gomen nasai, but I think my time is up, ladies... Ja!

[He uses his god-speed and vanishes offstage, the Nightwitches hot at his heels.]

Sanosuke: [yells] Soujirou! [mutters] Geez, that's two down. Oh, well... [out loud] Guess it's your turn now, psycho-boy. Try not to hurt anyone, okay?

Enishi: [eyes the audience warily] What if they hurt me first?

Sanosuke: [martyred sigh] They're *girls*, for crying out loud. Just dance, Yukishiro...

[Enishi tentatively makes his way to the front of the stage. Just as he starts dancing, a bunch of fangirls waving "Enishi Fan Club" signs makes their way to the front.]

Fangirl #5: [shrieks] Eni-chan! Dai suki!

Fangirl #6: [coos] C'mere, you gorgeous psychopath you...

[The girls evade the bodyguards and pounce on Enishi. He attempts to free himself, but they attach themselves to his legs.]

Enishi: [yelps] Help! Let go! Nee-san... what should I do?

[He sees a vision of Tomoe. She's smiling serenely... and he sees her mouth moving.]

Enishi: What... what are you saying to me, nee-san?

Tomoe: [whispers] ...lucky, otouto-chan...

Enishi: [incredulous] Nani?!?

Tomoe: [grins] You're about to get lucky, otouto-chan. Don't waste the opportunity... [her image dissolves]

Enishi: [eyes wide, blushing profusely] You're kidding, right?
NEE-SAN!

[The last thing he sees is Tomoe winking at him. Enishi looks down at the nubile young fangirls attached to his legs... and promptly passes out with a nosebleed. The two fangirls look at each other, shrug, and drag the unconscious Psycho from Shanghai offstage, closely pursued by the Enishi Fan Club.]

Misao: [shrieking with laughter] That's what I call Jinchuu! Ne, Kaoru-san?

Sanosuke: [staring uneasily at the raucous crowd] Maybe these women are more dangerous than I thought. You ready, Saitou?

Saitou: [growls] Ahou. I'm not doing the solo dance, remember? It's in my agreement...

Sanosuke: [shrugs] Suit yourself... more yen for the rest of us, then. Oi, broom-head, that makes you next.

Chou: [cocky grin] Leave it to me! [He begins a flamboyant dance, to much applause and tipping, only to be interrupted halfway down the stage by three attractive young Nightwitches.]

Chou: [wide smile] What can I do for you lovely young ladies? A private dance, maybe?

[The Nightwitches grin evilly at each other, then fix a predatory stare on Chou.]

Nightwitches: [in unison] Show us your sword, big boy!

Chou: [looking pole-axed] Eh?

Nightwitch #1: [flirtatiously] Don't be shy... show us...

Nightwitch #2: [coy smile] We heard it was *enormous*...

Nightwitch #3: He told us so...

[The three women point at a grinning, kimono-clad Kamatari. He waves a yen-note at Chou.]

Kamatari: C'mon, Chou-kun... dance for us!

Chou: [red with fury] I'll get you for this, you damned freak! C'mere...

[He starts toward Kamatari, but the Nightwitches block his path. One attempts to peek inside his fundoshi while the other two hold onto his legs.]

Chou: [sputtering] Hey! Get offa me! Bouncers!

[Strangely enough, the bouncers seem to be ignoring the Nightwitches. In desperation, Chou breaks away and bolts, the Nightwitches close behind him. Kamatari doubles over with laughter.]

Kaoru: [laughing hysterically] You're right, Misao-chan... this *is* fun!

Misao: [clutching Kaoru's arm] Ooh, it's Aoshi-sama's turn! I'm going up!

[She jumps off the table and pushes her way to the front of the crowd... as Sanosuke nudges a clearly reluctant Aoshi toward the front of the stage.]

Sanosuke: C'mon, Shinomori... just pretend it's combat without the swords. Close your eyes and meditate or something... it'll be over in

no time...

Aoshi: [thinking] //Hmm... meditate... not a bad idea...//

[Aoshi takes a deep breath, closes his eyes and begins a graceful, sinuous dance... causing faintings and nosebleeds throughout the audience.]

Yuka: [fanning herself vigorously] Oh... my!

Risako: [watching him through half-lidded eyes] Hmm... perhaps he's not as cold as I thought. Ne, mother?

Tokio: [fanning placidly] I should say not... [glancing around the room] He's the clear favorite so far, that's for certain. I feel sorry for young Misao... if she wants to keep Shinomori for herself alone, she'll have her work cut out for her...

[Tokio catches the eyes of a group of "youngsters" headed for Aoshi and shakes her head slightly. They sigh as they turn away, some scowling, some pouting.]

Nightwitch: [muttering] Old spoilsport...

[Meanwhile, young Misao is practically drooling as Aoshi approaches her. There's no room left in the band of his fundoshi for her yen-note... so she takes a deep breath and slips it carefully down the front. Startled, Aoshi's eyes open.]

Aoshi: [clearing his throat] Misao...

Misao: [eyes sparkling] Hai, Aoshi-sama?

Aoshi: Was that really necessary?

Misao: [grins] Oh, most **definitely**, Aoshi-sama!

[Aoshi sighs and resumes his dance. Misao swoons her way back to the table.]

Misao: Ahhh... that was **so** worth the wait. [looks around] Ne, Kaoru-san... where's Megumi-san?

Kaoru: Ano... [she points to the front of the stage, where Megumi is watching Aoshi dance with a foxy-smile on her face.]

Misao: [shrieks] THAT HUSSY! [Kaoru holds an enraged Misao back as she tries to throw kunai at Megumi.] GET AWAY FROM MY AOSHI-SAMA YOU... FOX-LADY YOU!

Megumi: [fox-ears twitching as she slips her yen-note in the same place as Misao's] Ohohohoho!

Aoshi: [returning to the line of dancers in back] That was... an experience.

Sanosuke: [slapping Aoshi on the back with a grin] You did good, okashira. Care to top that, Hiko-sama?

Hiko: [smirks] Just watch me, boy. [He swiftly heads for the front of

the stage, flexing and shaking his hips. The hall erupts in delighted screams as a pack of drooling fangirls rushes the stage.]

Fangirls: HIKO-SAMAAAAAA! [They shower the stage with yen-notes and female undergarments.]

Sanosuke: [watching with a slightly sour look] Well, Kenshin, I gotta say that your teacher's certainly got the moves....

Kenshin: [mumbles something incoherent]

[Hiko saunters back toward the others, wearing a smug expression. Saitou leans over and says, loudly enough for Hiko and the other men to hear...]

Saitou: [malicious amusement] Well, that performance certainly got *her* attention...

[Sanosuke looks around curiously and sees Risako, whose narrow-eyed stare could vaporize stone. Then, as Hiko sees a sinister and decidedly predatory little smile appears on Risako's face, he flubs a step, trips and falls off the stage. He is promptly mobbed by the rabid fangirls, led by two women clad in familiar blue uniforms.]

Okon and Omasu: [hearts in eyes] HIKO-SAMA! We've waited so long for this!

Hiko: [speechless with dread]

[The swirling mass of Hiko-and-fangirls heads for the door.]

Kenshin: [stunned] I've never seen shishou act so clumsy! How strange...

Saitou: [wolfish grin] Well... it's your turn, rooster-boy. Think you can handle it?

Sanosuke: [smirks] Heh. No problem! [cracking his knuckles] Time for Sagara Sanosuke to work his magic...

[Sanosuke begins a bold, seductive dance, delighting the hordes of fangirls who surge to the front of the stage, clamoring for his attention. As he works the line, he takes off his headband with a cocky grin and throws it into the audience. A stampede ensues, and one flushed, breathless woman emerges from the melee clutching the headband tightly.]

Misao and Kaoru: [shocked] T- T- Tae-san?!?

Tae: [smiling as she holds the headband over her head] What am I offered for this lovely headband, worn by sexy Sagara Sanosuke of Meiji-Era Full Monty fame?

[She is immediately surrounded by screaming women waving money at her. She winks at Kaoru and Misao and turns her attention back to the bidding.]

Kaoru: [admiringly] That's one way to get Sanosuke's Akabeko tab paid

off...

Misao: [studying Sanosuke, a mischievous grin spreading across her sake-flushed face] Kaoru-san, I have an idea. Let's go up front and... [whispers the rest in Kaoru's ear]

Kaoru: [grinning in return] I like it!

[They head for the front of the stage, with Misao employing some discreet kempou to open a pathway through the frenzied fangirls. As they reach the front, Sanosuke grins down at them.]

Sanosuke: [continuing to dance] Yo, Jou-chan, Misao-chan. So, you've come to watch a **real** man in action, ne?

Kaoru: [flutters her eyelashes and simpers] Oh, yes, Sano... next to Kenshin, I've always liked **you** best.

Misao: [using her most seductive voice and waving a few yen-notes] Why don't you come over here and let us show our... appreciation?

Sanosuke: [broad smile] When you put it that way... how can I refuse?

[He dances up to the two women, who can't help blushing as they squeal their encouragement.]

Misao: [to Kaoru] He **is** a sexy baka-yarou... I almost feel guilty...

Kaoru: Don't lose your courage now, Misao-chan... gambatte!

Misao: Right! [calls to Sanosuke sweetly] Sa~nooo! You'll have to bend down... I can't reach you up there...

Sanosuke: [squats forward on one knee] How's this?

Misao: [looks deep into his eyes] Oh... that's perfect... ne, Kaoru-san?

Kaoru: [grins wickedly] Hai!

[The two reach behind Sano and pinch his butt. As he yelps in surprise, they grin at each other... and shout...]

Kaoru and Misao: WEDGIE!

[They pull the band of his fundoshi up as high and hard as they can.]

Sanosuke: [chokes and goes gray for a moment] That... was... evil... Jou-chan! [He pitches forward, and Misao catches him by the shoulders, nearly falling over herself. Kaoru is rolling around on the floor, laughing uncontrollably.]

Misao: [laughing almost as hard] Don't blame her, rooster-head... it was my idea...

Sanosuke: [still grimacing] I should've known... sneaky little

weasel-girl...

Misao: [impulsively plants a kiss on his slightly open mouth, then whispers in his ear] That's for being a good sport... now go make way for Himura.

[She pushes him back onto the stage. Sanosuke stares at her, speechless, and hobbles back into line with the remaining men. Saitou is grinning nastily... Kenshin is struggling not to laugh -- and failing miserably... and Aoshi eyes him coldly.]

Sanosuke: [growls] Oi, Shinomori... *she* kissed *me*. And it was only a joke... so don't go getting your fundoshi all in a twist about it...

Aoshi: [evenly] If you say so.

Sanosuke: [thinking] //She's pretty cute... for a skinny, flat-chested little weasel. Wonder what she'll look like in a couple of years?//

Kenshin: [still chuckling] Err... Sano, can I help you with your...

Megumi: [pokes her head out from the curtain behind the stage with a foxy-grin] Don't worry, Ken-san! This situation calls for a doctor, don't you think, rooster-head? [winks at Sanosuke]

Sanosuke: [anticipatory smirk] Whatever you say, kitsune-sensei... [He obediently follows Megumi behind the curtain, winking at Kenshin.]

Kenshin: [grins] Don't forget the finale, Sano!

Sanosuke: [waves him away] Hai, hai... you'd better do your thing first. Remember -- now's your chance to really knock Jou-chan for a loop! [He tries to say more but is yanked backstage by an impatient Megumi.]

[The minute Kenshin takes a step toward the front of the stage, the noise level in the room becomes almost unbearable.]

Kenshin: [waving at the audience sheepishly] Really... all this fuss over sessha... you're all too kind...

[He begins to dance, his hair swaying with his swift, graceful movements. The fangirls try to claw their way through the bouncers... but they manage to hold the rabid women off.]

Maki: [watching with half-lidded eyes] My, he's quite... skilled. Would you be terribly embarrassed, sister, if I gave him a tip?

Tokio: [dryly] It depends on what *kind* of tip you have in mind.

Maki: [sighing in disappointment] I suppose it would be rather undignified. What I wouldn't give to be a few centuries younger...

[Meanwhile, a few tables away...]

Misao: [watching Kenshin approach] Yatta! Here he comes,
Kaoru-san!

Kaoru: [striking a dramatic pose] Stand back... time for the kenjutsu
komachi to go to work.

[Since Kenshin is by far the most popular of the dancers, he takes a
long time to work the line. By the time he reaches Kaoru, he's got
yen-notes stuffed in every part of his fundoshi... woven in his
hair... tucked behind his ears...]

Kenshin: [smiling his friendly-rurouni smile at Kaoru] Look,
Kaoru-dono! We can get the doujou roof fixed now! And a new
washtub... and...

Kaoru: [smiling and wagging a finger] Come here,
Kenshin...

Kenshin: [shaking his head gingerly] Kaoru-dono, you don't need to
tip me. Really.

Kaoru: [suggestive smile] Oh, yes I do... now come here...

Kenshin: [sweatdrop] You're not going to do that wedgie-thingie to
me, are you?

Kaoru: [giggling] Of course not! Now stop resisting... you *know* you
can never say no to me...

Kenshin: [smiles and shrugs] That's true enough...

[Kenshin obediently approaches Kaoru... who stands up on tiptoe and
kisses him softly. Cheers erupt all around them, and some fangirls
start waving "Kenshin & Kaoru Forever!" signs.]

Sanosuke: [emerges from backstage with several lipstick marks on his
face and neck, whistling loudly] All right, Jou-chan!

Kaoru: [smiling sweetly] Now go give us that big finish we've been
promised.

Kenshin: [stunned] H- hai! [He returns to the others with a bit more
spring in his step.]

Sanosuke: [winks] Way to go, Kenshin. Now... let's give the ladies
what they came for, men! Line up... and one... two... three...

[The scene ends with flying fundoshi... and a shot of the men from
the back as they bare all to ear-splitting screams, cheers and
applause...]

~Owari~

End
file.